

## **I'm Not All Bad** by [prettyboiiharringrove](#)

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**Summary:**

Harringrove Halloween Countdown // October 5 — Everyone warned Steve that Billy was some kind of monster, but he would argue day after day until he was blue in the face, convinced that they were all full of shit. Now, he's wishing he hadn't wasted his breath.

## **I'm Not All Bad**

Steve isn't surprised to walk into the Hargrove house and see it drenched in blood. It's Tuesday, and Neil shouldn't be home for a while. Steve normally sneaks over since Billy's usually stuck at home with Max, unless he ends up taking her to the arcade.

It's funny, the first words out of his mouth aren't of horror or judgement as he glances at Neil's lifeless corpse. He feels like vomiting, but that's more the smell than feeling any genuine grief over his death.

"Where's Max?" he questions nervously, hoping that she at least didn't have to witness anything or get caught in the crossfire of Billy's psychotic break. He approaches his boyfriend nervously, hopes he's calmed down enough to recognize Steve's voice. Billy has his back turned so Steve is cautious, makes himself really obvious as not to startle him.

"Baby ?? Babe it's me," he tells him cautiously. Billy turns to face him, finally, and Steve notices that he's splattered in blood from head to toe, his hair damp with it and his golden skin, specifically his face and bare chest, are stained red. He notices Billy's mouth first, the way that sinful tongue glides across his bottom lip before he lifts the back of his hand to wipe away the spit and pooling blood. He smirks. Steve looks up then, tries to find solace in those crystal blue eyes, sometimes the only peaceful, gentle part of Billy left, and notices hollow black eyes instead.

Steve stumbles backwards, but Billy follows him for every step until he's crowded again a wall.

"Don't be scared prettyboy, I won't hurt you," he promises, but Steve cowers, trying to make himself smaller. He's trapped, caged in by Billy's arms.

"W-What have you, I mean w-what are...where's Billy?" he finally manages to choke out.

"I'm right here sweetheart," Billy kisses him forcefully and without

warning. Steve pushes him away, but instead of being offended, he just chuckles. "What's wrong Steve, don't recognize your own boyfriend?"

"Billy's *not* a monster," up until a few moments ago Steve would have spoken those words until his dying breath. He's cradled Billy close, whispered it in his ear as he tries to help him sleep, he's gotten into fights to defend his honor, so he's sure Billy Hargrove is no monster. Or at least, he was.

"He wasn't always, but he probably would have been eventually, even if I had decided to pick someone else."

"H-he?" Steve doesn't find much comfort in his lover speaking in third person. Somehow he knows this is still *his* Billy, but that makes him all the more wary.

"Honestly baby, you talk too damn much sometimes," Billy sighs. "Listen, Hawkins and Hell aren't all that different. He didn't need me to fuck him up, I just gave him a gentle push in the right direction."

"H-hell?!"

"Demon, sweetheart, I'm a demon. God it's a good thing you're pretty," Billy teases, but Steve hardly notices his condescending tone, because all he can think about is that the body he's looking at doesn't belong to the man he's been spending his time with. He shakes his head, clearly distraught.

"But then it wasn't him. Y-you used him, *we* used him," Steve chokes out, feeling sick as he thinks of all the times Billy's hands have touched him, of all the times Billy's lips have pressed against his skin, all the times his razor sharp teeth have broken the skin of Steve's shoulder and lapped at blood while Billy fucks into him again and again. Does he even know what he's done ?? What *they* have done ??

"Aw, don't give me that look pet," the monster frowns, using Billy's soft lips and gentle pout against him. He starts to wonder what Billy's like, if he's softer, kinder, if Steve would still love him if things weren't so goddamn fucked up. He wonders if Billy's lonely, being stuck inside himself all on his own while a beast uses him as a suit to

get all the love and attention Billy's probably been craving.

Steve hates how addicted he is to that burning hot touch against his skin, hates how he melts into the demon's embrace like the toy he is.

"It's not fair, using him like this, h-he doesn't even get a say in what he does," Steve has to swallow down his panic, seeking comfort from the body of the very boy he's sure he's been hurting.

"Oh come on princess, I'm not all bad," Billy leans forward, licks and then harshly bites at Steve's jaw. Steve tries not to react, but it hurts and he can't seem to stifle the whimper that escapes him. He feels Billy's smug grin against his skin as he moves to lightly suck and bite at Steve's throat. "He wants this baby, I promise he does."

"Bullshit," Steve argues. He feels wrong, letting this man use a body that isn't his to push all of Steve's buttons, but Steve's too intoxicated on Billy's touch to put up much of a fight. He stays put, even as bile rises in his throat at the thought of the innocent boy trapped inside himself.

"Bullshit?" Billy growls, anger flooding his senses as a fire grows in the pit of his belly, eyes flashing black again. "No, *bullshit* is having to wait two fucking years to get this asshole to agree to my deal. Bullshit is losing negotiations with a fucking fifteen year old. I tried everything to win him over, but nothing, *nothing* would get him to sign that dotted line. I could use his body, but he wouldn't give me his soul. Until finally, **finally** he calls for a meeting and you know what he asks for ?? Not a Zeppelin reunion, not riches, or a bigger dick, not that he'd need it huh," Billy's signature smirk begins to dominate his features once more as he calms himself, winking at Steve and getting off on Steve's slight fear. "Not even for dear old dad's blood, no that was just a perk, a win-win for both of us. What he wants, more than anything, is you."

"You're lying," Steve denies, because all of this still feels so wrong, he feels both a victim and an assailant, but overall he feels dirty, despite the vanity and pride that bubbles up in him at the thought of both demon and human alike wanting him, of all people.

"Oh no, no I wouldn't lie to you now, would I? Not when you know

my big secret baby. No, see I was so ready to kill you. To rip out that pretty little throat. Fuck you one last time and then sink my teeth in right as you came, you know how hot that would be?" Billy's so close he can feel Steve shaking, can smell both the fear and lust dripping from him in waves. "But he doesn't want me to hurt our little pet, no he doesn't like it when I'm mean to *you*."

"Why do you care what he thinks?" Steve mentally kicks himself for saying anything, because talking back in this case almost makes it seem like he wants to die.

"Because, I picked the pieces of his poor shattered soul up off the ground, and after all that work I deserve to keep it. It's mine, and if all I have to do for that is play with you forever, then that's fine by me. Not even a scratch, unless you ask for it, you both have my word."

"I don't believe you," he finds himself wanting to though. There's this ache in his chest, knowing he shouldn't trust his lover but he can't fucking help it. He loves Billy, he loves him so goddamn much and he hates himself for it, because it was all a game. He finds himself drowning once more, too late to swim back to sea. He's tired of being caught up in everyone else's bullshit, but there's really no saving him now.

"How about this princess ??" he barks, bawling his fists as he tries not to punish Steve for his disrespectful tone. It was part of his deal with William after all. "How about I give you two ten minutes. Ten minutes and you get the real thing. You can ask him for yourself."

Steve nods frantically, nervous that he might be falling for another trick, but desperate to talk to a person and not a beast that's got Steve wrapped around his little finger.

"Please," Steve begs, looking up at him with big puppy eyes, and suddenly the creature's features soften, either Billy's own humanity bleeding through, or some little thread of compassion reserved only for his pet has taken over.

"Anything for you baby," he purrs, and suddenly those words make Steve feel dirty rather than warm and safe like they used to. Billy

leans forward, licks his lips, and there's a predatory twinkle in his eye. "Just remember, you don't really know him. It's me you fell for sweetheart, so if you try to play the hero, you'll only be hurting yourself."

Steve swallows hard, shoving his hands into his pockets to try and stop the trembling. He's not ready for this, he probably never will be, but he has to speak to him, even if it's only to apologize, or even say goodbye.